

"ULTIMUS ROMANORUM"

As Sung by BILLY FLEMING, Painter, Glazier, and Freeman,

With most Pathetic Applause,

AT THE GUILD HALL, ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30TH.

TUNE.—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

"The People by and by will be the stronger."—DON JUAN.

By my sowl, CHARLEY PERRY, good cause have you
To pray for de blue coat chap dat drew
Your name from de hat,—'tis you'd look damn'd blue
Next year to be Just-ass of "Quorum."

Whilst we wid our lives a' *fortunes* must run,
From dose "vested rights" our Forefaders won,
'Tis no matter to you, CHA, your job is done,
Your "ULTIMUS ROMANORUM" !!!

But JOE LEYCESTER, you acted damn'd unfair,
Wid plenty of "bluet" in your fob to spare,
To take de Chain, when dese poor devils here
Have no other resource from starvation;
Ochone ! ochone ! 'tis ye've cause to moan,
For doe some of ye have like *Aldermen*, grown,
Ye'll soon alas be but skin and bone,
When dey open our snug Corporation.

Was "de Misshun to Lunnun" dat made all de ooise
Of no use, or did ye throw dust in our eyes,
When ye promis'd dat STANLEY would stand by us, boys,
Our tottering frames to *upholster*.
Alas ! alas ! shall it come to pass,
Dat, dat "PROTESTANT CHAIN" should go to MASS,
(Oh ! J—s presarve us, sung out Isaac Bass.)
(Amen, groan'd forth little Jim Boulster.)

'Tis a sorrowful day CHA, you mounts de chain,
My head feels like *putty*, so softoeed with *pave*,
My *sky-lights* grow dampish, I scarce can remain;
My heart-strings are nigh rent asunder,—
Mourn with me, ye youog rate-collecting GARDES,
Ye BAGNELLS,—GIBBINGSSES,—WHITES,—BESNARDES,
Whilst I join you myself and sich *poor Blaguards*,
Do ye seldom God knows shar'd de plunder.

Ochone ! for de day—long since past away;
When we cribb'd from each Convict a "*tester*" a day,
Fore dey went a sailin to Bottomy Bay;
'Till SIR BENJAMIN came on de station.
Bad-luck to yez Fogarty an Acheson Lyle,
Dats comin our snug—purty trade for to spile,
By de mitre dats wore on the sconce of SAM. KYLE,
'Tis we'll shew you de nice Corporation.

JOHNNY WALLIS dats come from *Van Demons* land,
Wot shot de boy, being one night in de band;
By de pow'r of de *Statue*, he held in his hand,
Swears your comiog's a damnable pity.
Whilst dat model of wig blocks, wooden BON DEANE,
An' his namesake de knight of de saw an' de plane,
Vow dat if a Papist should e'er mount de chain
Dat dey'll both leave de "beautiful City."

GEORGE EDWARDS dere, swears dat he'll cross de main,
Giving up ev'n the charms of Fishamble lane;
An' no more than a dozen tumbler's e'er drain—
So forlorn will be his condition.
De Saint CUMMINS's too of such sanctified note,
(Barring JIM) gone to Luonon, the "word to promote,"
Will soon, like their Chapel, be drifting afloat
On the waves of this damn'd "*inquisition*."

See de poor DUKE OF BRUNSWICK bewailing dere too,
(Wid de curses of all de poor dogs dat he slew,)
Whilst his *comforter* wipes from his optics de dew
Dat flows for our coming disaster,
Whilst TOBY SAUNDERS wid glowing face,
And "Zephyr-like Taglion" pace,
(Not a word of "de brands") must still stick to de grease
And mazourka, widout a cocked "castor."

Deres poor BARBER, must doff his *hairy* slate,
Perchance to adorn some popish pate;
Whilst WHIRLWIND must from the pig-stys retreat,
As he did from St Paddy's "*Assurance*,"
(addressing PETER COMERFORD)—
Oh ! classical PETER, dat sometimes we dubs,
(Kase you often made sich) de *knave* of clubs,
Could any "flats" stand sich "*BAR GUN*" rubs,
Oh ! (groan'd PETER) 'tis past all endurance.

But 'tis you, cute SIR TONY, should feel sore distrest,
You, who know so damn'd well how to feather your nest—
Dat dey style you of jobbing "de prince"—you know best
To be squeamish 'bout trifles is nonsense,
Sure M'Causland in Dublin is notin to you,
Doe of places he houlds just about Thirty-two
Of yours, (if you please) we'll just mention a few,
First, your perch in de sweet court of Conscience !

Den yourjustice of Peace of dis County at large !!
Well *paid* too to take de Commercial in charge !!!
Next our Harbour and Streets on the Board to enlarge !!!!
Whilst de "Atlas" by coorse is no trouble !!!!!
Mid de wig-blocks in Council, too, holding debate !!!!!!
At the Foundling and Lunatic boards you've a seat !!!!!!!
But 'twould take a whole week half your Jobbing to state
So I'll close with de pipe-water bubble !!!!!!!!

But I'm growin' quite faint, poor Bill Lucas for you
I grieve more than for all, of de rest of de crew,
You promis'd (if drawn) to pay all dat was due,
And to give us a maasioo-house Jorum.
But our Job it is done—CHARLEY PERRY—Ochone !
You've de devil's *own* luck (dat's along wid your own)
In the Annals of fame, you'll be styl'd and well known
As "ULTIMUS ROMANORUM" !!!